

so, neither Mr. Allen nor Mr. Sumner, and others, who went out, would have separated from that party. In 1850, the Whig party did take a position, and it was in favor of the Compromise of 1850, and against the agitation of the slavery question at all, in Congress or out of it. That was the last battle of the Whig party—it perished then.

A VOICE. What was that Compromise?

SENATOR WILSON. I am asked what that Compromise was. It was the organization of the Territories of Utah and New Mexico, without any prohibition of slavery, but with the condition that they might come into the Union slave States or free States, according to their own pleasure.

In 1856, we had our first National Republican Convention. There we pronounced in favor of the peace and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories. We have gone even beyond that, now, in 1860, for we have put into our platform a doctrine of the boldest character, namely, that slavery cannot exist in the Territories of the United States;—we have assumed the doctrine that the slave cannot touch the soil of the Territories of the United States. That is our position to-day—a position in advance of the Wilmost Provision. If my friend will study our platform carefully, she will find, that on this subject of opposition to slavery and the Slave Power and slavery extension, the Republican party occupies an unimpeachable position, and that it does not stand upon

[illegible]

POETRY.

OUR 'FOURTH.'

Written for the Anti-Slavery Celebration at the Framingham Grove, July 4, 1860.

No bells for us shall echo, no cannon sound to-day;
We'll raise no mocking banner where the summer breeze play—
The stars and stripes are stained with tears, and every silken fold
Is as a link of adamant the slave in chains to hold!
And our Eagle hath his pinions in blood all darkly dyed—
With his talons in our brother's heart, shall he hover by our side?
Alas! once brave and fearless, he is now the Spoiler's bird,
And only sad and mournful thoughts are by his presence stirred.

We'll meet beneath no gilded arch with pomp and show and pride,
To chant the songs of Freedom, while we swell Oppression's tide;
But we'll meet in 'God's own temple,' with his blue sky bending o'er—
That temple whose wide gates ne'er close upon the friendless poor.

In Nature's grand cathedral, with its dome of living green,
And Heaven's own blessed sunshine the emerald leaves between;
The free-born birds on minstrels,—and, for life and stirring drum,
The air-harp's grand old melody, by the mountain zephyrs strung.

We will not meet to vaunt the deeds of the brave heroes dead,
Of our fathers who, at Lexington, for Freedom's birthright bled;
Within their honored graves they rest, nor need they now our praise,
For Fame hath wreathed their deathless names with green and fadeless bays.

And their memory as a benison upon us yet doth rest,
And we love the rocky hillside which their free, brave spirit blessed;
'Tis to guard from dark dishonor the land they held so dear,
We meet on this time-hallowed day, with earnest words of cheer!

We meet at Freedom's altar, to pledge ourselves anew,
And for the coming contest our heart-strength to renew;
And, like the knights of olden-time, the solemn vow to take,
That while our deadliest foe survives, no rest or peace we'll seek!

And Slavery!—dark and fearful is that cruel, treacherous foe;
Ever waiting, ever watching, he seeks our overthrow;
His hosts, arrayed for contest, are gathering in their might,
And ever on life's battle-field they seek to conquer Right.

Not content that all the South-land doth yield unto his sway,
He has sworn that we, New England's sons, his bidding shall obey;
And if we refuse his mandates, how'er unjust, to head,
The prison or the scaffold shall be our only need.

E'en now, where in our Empire State rise Adirondack's hills,
And the flowers of summer, smiling, bend above the sparkling rills,
Beside a quiet mountain home they'll point you to a grave,
Where lies the martyr Bacons who gave his life to free the slave.

His noble spirit could not brook their wrongs—his soul was stirred,
When their cry of bitter anguish in his North-land home he heard;
He went to set the captive free—and what was his reward?
A dungeon-cell, a felon's death, the tyrant did award!

And where the fair Ohio glides to meet Mississippi's wave,
Are the graves of other martyrs, brave champions of the slave;
They strove to set the bondman free—the tyrant waved his hand,
And, lo! the gibbet reared its head for that devoted band!

Look, where the western prairies glow 'neath their bright summer sheen,
And the Illinois goes singing, mid its banks of emerald green,
There lies the sainted LOVELL, by Slavery's minions slain—
He dared to speak for Freedom, and did not speak in vain!

And can we rest in silence when such fearful deeds are done?
Can we calmly, coldly look upon such scenes of shame and wrong,
And be content to meekly bow unto the despot's power,
Giving to him our birthright—our fathers' priceless dower?

If we can be thus submissive, from Bunker's hill of fame
Let us bear away the granite shaft—'twill only tell our shame!
Let Concord's sacred memories be hushed in every breast,
And o'er the deeds of Lexington a veil forever rest!

Let all thought of right be buried, and each pulse of pity still,
And our hearts beat cold and sluggish, with no touch of Love's warm thrill!
Let us tell to all the nations, that we worship gold alone,
And that to Trade and Mammon we have reared a gilded throne!

Give no more the hand of welcome to exiles o'er the sea—
'Tis all a vain, false mockery to say we love the free!
If we will not raise the fallen who are pleading by our side,
Let us ne'er speak of the oppressed beyond the Atlantic's tide!

We will not be thus recreant, as we gather here to-day;
Nor will we bow in homage to Slavery's demon sway;
We will speak of Truth and Duty, of our country's crime and shame,
Nor kneel at Freedom's altar with the mockery of a name!

Barre, Mass., July, 1860. CARRIE.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE SONG.

Written for the Framingham A. S. Celebration, July 4.

BY R. THAYER.

A. R. Auld Lang Syne.

A band of FREEMEN we go forth
To battle with the foe;
From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low—
We'll lay the monster low!

From East to West, from South to North,
We'll lay the monster low.

To lead us in this noble strife,
We're men who're always true;
And we're resolved, come death or life,
We'll fight the battle through—
We'll fight the battle through—
We'll fight the battle through!

If to the fray our foes come forth,
Like Israel's foes of yore,
We'll show them there is yet a North,
Which they must flee before—
Which they must flee before—
Which they must flee before!

We'll push the battle till they cry—
'To Freedom's hosts we yield!'—
Then shout—we've gained the victory!
We're masters of the field!
We're masters of the field!
We're masters of the field!

For the Liberator.

ON THE DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER.

BY ANNA GARDNER.

How tenderly our spirits turn
To that enchanted land,
Which Nature from her golden urn
Adorns with lavish hand!

Where sweetest vines and flow'ers all
In softest zephyrs wave,
And where the orange-blossoms fall
On Parker's new-made grave!

Oh! green and soft the grass will grow
Where quietly he lies,
Mid fragrant zephyrs whispering low
Of mystic harmonies;

Fit symbols of the anthems sung
By angel choirs above,
When his freed spirit quickly sprung
To the embrace of Love.

Fresh as the morning was his thought,
Untrammelled by the Past—
Hoped, from God his strength he sought,
And bravely dared forecast

That higher faith in Truth and Right
A selfish age denies,
Which e'er shall grow more clear and bright
Through widening centuries.

With glowing eloquence of thought
Yet warm upon his lip,
He bade adieu to earth, and sought
Celestial fellowship;

Communion sacred, sweet and high,
In more congenial spheres;
The faith he taught rebukes the sigh,
And dries the selfish tears.

He needs no sculptor's skill combined
With eulogistic arts;
His memory will be enshrined
Within our heart of hearts.

A life so true—wrought on a plan
Of good sublime intent,
Rears in the beating heart of man
A living monument.

Nantucket, 6th mo., 24, 1860.

The Liberator.

SILVER WEDDING.

[Reported for the Liberator.]

On Wednesday, the 27th day of June, was celebrated, at the residence of the parties in Green street, Boston, the 25th anniversary of the union of Miss HARRIOT K. HUNT and HARRIOT K. HUNT, M. D.

To the many personal friends of the bride, and the more numerous friends and admirers of the worthy Doctor of Medicine and of Grace, the occasion was one of peculiar interest. The hearty and healthy nature which the Puritan lady gave away twenty-five years ago, has not lost a single one of those excellent qualities of head and heart, which, long ago, bound to Miss Hunt very many and very dear friends; therefore, the friends of the lady came gladly to honor the occasion. The strong good sense, the healing temper, and the resolute act of the professional worker, who has labored, not alone to mend the ills of the body, but to restore violated rights and cure the wounds of the soul which sin and suffering have made, survive in unabated energy, giving large promise of much good yet to be done; therefore, the admirers of the physician, the teacher, and the reformer, heartily united to celebrate this 25th anniversary.

The occasion was not a public meeting, to which reporters could have access, but the public interest in it seems to warrant some account of the proceedings, made from the notes of an invited guest.

It should be mentioned that the residence which Dr. Hunt has occupied for nearly twenty years was purchased from the income of herself and her sister, in the practice of medicine. It was jointly occupied by them until the marriage of her sister.

We found the house decorated with flowers, pictures and mottoes most profusely. The arrangement of the flowers was especially pleasing. In the front parlor hung the portraits of Dr. Hunt's parents, and opposite them, on an easel, striking likenesses of the sisters. This room was prepared for the ceremonies of the afternoon, with which the celebration opened. In the next room was arranged, in one corner, a large mass of flowers and other ornaments, with hosts of pithy mottoes. In the centre of the room, on a table, was a rich bouquet of rare beauty, bearing the inscription, 'Honor to the brave Pioneer of Female Physicians; long may her light shine!' On either side of this were elegant Parian statues of Diana and Hebe. Above and around were branches of evergreen, hung with flowers and mottoes. We give a few of these:—A handful of good life is better than seven bushels of learning.—The myrtle of life's spring gives place now to the laurel of the mature summer. Science and art, like the gospel, welcome all true worshippers, and know no obstacle of sex.—The following was in the hand-writing of Dr. Hunt:—

'But faith should be cheerful, and trust should be glad. And our follies and sins, not our years, make us sad.'

At the other side of the room hung likenesses of three of the saints of our latter day, Wm. Ellery Channing, William Henry Channing, and James Freeman Clarke. As we go into the rooms above, the old clock greets us in full array of decoration, and bearing some verses adapted from Longfellow.

The small room over the hall was once Dr. Hunt's office, if we mistake not. Here hung coats of arms of the Hunts, the Winlocks, and the Wentworths. On the walls we read, 'Health is the jewel of life set in the human frame: it is spirit to the body, and health to the mind.'—'Honor to the physician, who, by inculcating a reverent obedience to physical laws, leads to a deeper reverence for, and a more faithful obedience to all Divine laws.' The following is in the spirit of the occasion:—

'T was a lucky day
When Miss Harriot K.,
In seeking for something to grapple,
Met with one Doctor H.
And with his constant gaze,
Concluded to Hunt in a couple.'

'Medicine must become justice and morality,' is one of Dr. Hunt's maxims.

In the front chamber are a great number of interesting memorials of the family of Dr. Hunt. The bed, the chairs, the sofa, and other articles, are all those which belonged to the family in the old time. On the bed is the original dimity which was honored by the birth of the infant Harriot, and which continues to furnish a stainless honor to the peaceful repose of the successful physician.

On the posts of the bed were inscribed the words, 'Love,' 'Trust,' 'Hope,' 'Faith.' A pencil-drawing lay on the bed, representing Miss Hunt's late-keeping school in the absence of the teacher.

On the pillows was the motto, 'Things have cast off their thingly qualities, and are invested with spirits, as it were, to receive and bless us.' Above this was, 'I will lay me down in peace, and sleep.' On the four corners of the bed lay large cards, bearing special messages from the Doctor herself: 'Scholars, there's fruit in each wind-wafted seed waiting its natal hour.'—'Friends, our daily joys and pains advance to a divine significance.'—'Patients, a whispered word may touch the heart, and call it back to life.'—'Schoolmates, past, present and future to your sight at once their various scenes display.' On the dressing-table lay the family Bible, inscribed on the silver clasp, 'Joab Hunt, 1785.' Above was written by Dr. Hunt,

'Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!'

A sketch of the old homestead hung over the mirror. On the sofa was worked a cross, and the inscription, 'Around our restlessness our rest.' On the large chair was, 'Work done may claim wages, rest.' On other chairs were written, 'Mother,' 'Home,' 'Heart-Home,' 'Baby-Home.' Portraits of Mrs. Wright's children, two old pictures ornamented with Masonic emblems, and many articles which we have not space to enumerate, were also to be seen in this apartment; not to mention the tastefully arranged flowers.

In the study was shown a fine bouquet from the 'Ladies' Physiological Institute, Woburn.' On a shelf stood a pair of vases, the gift of a friend, bearing this motto:—'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.' On the Doctor's desk was conspicuously placed a large vase of flowers, in honor of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It bore these words:—

'In that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honor us with truth, if not with praise.'

'The honest earnest man must stand and work;
The woman also—otherwise she drops
At once below the dignity of man,
Accepting servitude. Free men freely work;
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.'

Above the desk was a portrait of Spurzheim. The wit of the Doctor also seems to have suggested to her a very saucy thought, to choose, as the guardian angel of her study-desk, 'Cupid in trouble.'

The small room adjoining the study was literally filled with flowers, offered in honor of the departed. Here were memorials of three distinguished pastors of the family. 'For the light without night would be of no advantage. JOHN MURRAY.' 'We have an heavenly, eternal home of infinite bliss. THOMAS JONES.' 'God will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. In memory of HOSIAH BALLOU.' A small Bible lay near these, inscribed, 'From JOHN MURRAY to HARRIOT K. HUNT, May 20th, 1811.' A likeness of THEODORE PARKER, with an extract from one of his favorite hymns, and a number of daguerotypes and memorials, were placed among the flowers. Prominent was a likeness of the artist CHENEY.

But it is time that we should attend to the opening ceremonies of this interesting occasion. When all was ready, Dr. Hunt entered, attended by her sister, Mrs. S. A. Wright, and by Miss Matilda Goddard, and preceded by twelve young girls, representing the months, and appropriately costumed. The three ladies having taken their places on the sofa, and the months being arranged on either hand, a reverent and tender prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel Winkley, of the Pitts Street Chapel. After the prayer, Miss Lucy Goddard read selections from Scripture, relating chiefly to woman. We should mention that excellent singing preceded the prayer, and followed the reading of Scripture. Mrs. Edna Cheney, wife of the lamented artist, followed in a brief speech. Alluding in a touching manner to the lesson of religious consecration of daily life to duty, she said that it might fitly be called a marriage, and in the name of the Managers of the Hospital for women and children, she presented to the deeply moved bride a wedding ring. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance then read the following poem, while the months presented offerings to the honored woman and physician, their 'Maid-Monarch':—

Standing amid this month of song and blooms,
Beneath this fair June-heaven,
We little dream what wealth of time's blossoms
Its royal shades and shapes has given—
What matchless mother care, thro' weary hours,
Has charmed the music into myriad strains—
What subtle alchemy in sky and flower
Wrought the perfection in which Nature rests!

Standing upon this century's upward slope,
The sunny height of June's day,
We may not see the early tender hope
Was sown 'mid pain and tears—
How long the child was fed—
How long she taught beside the sister's bed—
Nor how she saved the life of a poor sufferer
Was hidden source of all these fragrant deeds.

So let us learn the lesson of the hour,
So make our homes the source of noble power,
That in our conquests we may truly say,
To home we owe what we achieve to-day!

Our first glad tribute shall be hers, the goddess of bright hours,
Of hearty Mirth, and rosy Health!—and born of Great Goodness.

Her of mild eye and thoughtful brow, to whose sweet woman-heart
'Tis given to conquer, where before fell low the healing art,
HYGEIA named, within whose happy way
First dawned the glory of this marriage day;
Whose wisdom-dropping lips, yet womanly and kind,
To paths of noble use the sisters twain inclined.

To her, Maid-monarch though she be, all powers
Of earth, air, sea, bring tribute with the hours—
All ocean waves, all crystal streams that flow,
All clouds above, all mist that rises below—
All winds that sweep the broad earth as they run,
All nights that shade, all beams of daily sun—
Graces and Muses—hand and eye of Art,
All do her homage, all bear loyal heart!

Symbols of these, the tripping months appear,
Laden with tithes of all the varied year—
Born amid northern frost, or tropic heat,
Clad in the summer's hues, or winter's sleek,
They do her equal service with their willing feet—
Young January, with her robe of snow and holly,
And February's pastimes, chill but jolly;
And crocus blooms adorned, come side by side—
And laughing May, with sweet arbutus from the shore,
With June, rose-crowned, and fragrance brimming o'er.

July and August, with their ripening heats,
Their harvest-home, and wealth of rarest sweets—
The mild September, with its grateful rain,
Pomona's wealth of fruit and Ceres' grain she bears—
October, underneath whose gracious skies
Decay and Death look forth with radiant eyes—
November's gymnast grasp, and sturdy drill,
For chilly benedict, but sterner still—
With late December's constant stir and green,—

All own her away, all hail her as their Queen!
So may we each her faithful subjects be,
Eager to serve her well, and royally—
Accepting, as the proof of all-abounding good,
God's ample blessing for our every mood.

In honor of Mrs. Wright, a young lady repeated passages of Scripture. Then followed an anthem. After a short speech from Mrs. C. H. Dall, on the Union of the Priest and Physician, Mrs. Severance presented a silver cup to Mrs. Wright, bearing the following inscription:—'Sarah Augusta Wright, the generous cup-bearer. She drank the cup of suffering, and made it one of thanksgiving.' The following note accompanied the cup, addressed to Mrs. Severance:—

Mrs. S.:—
MADAM.—As you are acquainted with our friend SARAH AUGUSTA WRIGHT, permit me to ask of you to appropriate the enclosed for a silver cup, as symbolic of much in her life.

She drank the cup of suffering in a severe and protracted illness, and used her noble nature meanwhile in investigating the causes and symptoms which baffled others. At length she was enabled to take the cup of thanksgiving, and bless the name of the Lord, not only for restored life, but for other fresh young lives to consecrate her own. She now, in her beautiful home, offers the overflowing cup of hospitality and bounty to friend and to stranger, and gives, as freely, the priceless riches of her years of thought and experience to all who need.

So may this cup, freighted with love, stand beside her own bed in sickness, and comfort her with its union of beauty and use, and its symbolism of so much that is precious in her own life.

With a blessing on her companion, her children, and a benediction on herself, I subscribe myself, one of the readers and admirers of her noble life, as printed in 'GLANCES & GLIMPSSES.'

Rev. S. H. Winkley pronounced an affecting benediction, and immediately the bride received the congratulations of her friends.

In the evening, Mrs. Dall read the following poem, sent by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis:—

THE SILVER WEDDING.
Commemorative of the union of Miss H. K. Hunt and Dr. H. K. Hunt, on the 27th of June, 1835.

'Twas in the flowery month of June,
When poets find all things in tune
Throughout the earth and sky,
A merry wedding came to pass:
The bride, a fresh and comely lass—
The bridegroom, cold and dry.

Musty, and old, and full of gloom;
All aches and pains, and blues, and rheum,
And lank, and lean, and grim;
And neighbors wondered why the maid
Of such a fright was not afraid—
Why loved him with such vim.

'Twas only through the outer man
That this cruel misery ran;
His inner life was great!
And so this blue-eyed, laughing girl
Took to her heart the suffering churl,
And met impending fear.

Hippocrates—'tis said—stood by
While Esculapius lovingly
The young bride gave away;
Diana, sent by Mercury down,
To wreath around her head a crown,
That kept her bride for aye.

Never was husband half so sad,
Sometimes half crazed, sometimes whole mad;
She only laughed at his woes and fears,
He'd storm! She'd not mind a whit,
But laughed, and dozed him out of it,
And every day grew prouder.

And, day by day, she cured some ill
By cheerful word or well-made pill;
And, spite of all his trouble,
She made of him as good a spouse
As ever graced a lady's house,
And gained him honor double.

Now, through a score of years and five,
She's made her sickly bridegroom live,
And cured his aches and pains;
His colds and coughs, his fever, blues,
Consumption, rheumatics, and stew,—
And pocketed her gains.

This is their silver wedding-day;
And she is just as blithe and gay,
As free from care and woe,
As when in girlhood bright and fresh,
The differing twain were made one flesh,
In the June twain were.

But then, 'tis whispered all about,
'Tis said there's not a chance for doubt,
She's found a new affinity,
Lays the old M. D. on the shelf,
And takes a new one to herself—
A Doctor of Divinity!

But who shall blame her? As a bride,
For twenty-five long years, she tried
To mend the outward man,
And conquered; let her use her skill
To lift the soul above the flesh's ill,
And cure it, if she can!

And when the golden wedding comes,
If we're not bidden to our home
In spirit lands above,
We'll give her all the honor due
For stirring soul and body too,
By science, mirth, and love.

The following 'lines from a friend' were then read:—

BY MRS. HALL, OF CAMBRIDGE.

O, Nature, rich and lavish,
With beauty all about,
I wish to describe,
Your outburst of wealth of June!

O, Day, be rich in splendor,
Shed o'er her floods of light;
And come with star-light tender,
And dewy eyes, sweet Night!

Teach thou our hands to fashion,
O, wise and wonderful Art,
Some beautiful love-token,
To wear as near our heart!

Breathe thou upon the canvas,
And touch the marble stone,
And pour into our music
Thy fullest, richest tone!

For we keep her silver wedding,
And a royal bride is she;
We keep her silver wedding—
To wear as near our heart!

The Bride is sweetly beautiful,
With deeds of love inspired;
And the Bridegroom, O, the Bridegroom,
Is the glory of the world!

And she stood up right womanly,
And he stood like a king,
While she gave up all trustfully
Her heart and hand to him.

Her sister served as bride's-maid,
So nobly by her side,
And 'twas her loving mother
Who gave away the bride.

All lovingly, all brightly,
And tranquilly have sped,
All filled with sweetest charities,
The years since she was wed.

When'er our bodies languish
Upon the couch of pain,
'Tis she who soothes the anguish,
And makes us whole again.

Her heart is full of kindness,
Of gentleness and truth,
And, like another Hebe,
She gives us back our youth!

So we keep her silver wedding—
A royal bride is she,
We keep her silver wedding—
We would keep it royally.

Are you Hunting for the Bridegroom?
Then I will introduce
The crown of all nobility,
His Royal Highness, Use.

The Bride, she is all beautiful
With deeds of love inspired;
And the Bridegroom, O, the Bridegroom,
Is the glory of the world!

Miss Sallie Holley read the following poem from Mrs. Virginia P. Townsend:—

Thou didst not gather for thy maiden brow
The roses of that June; thou didst not crown
Thy hair with orange blossoms, nor thy youth
With thy sweet dreams of wifedom!

And to-day
Standing on this bright herald of thy life,
And looking downward through the long, slow years
Up which thy feet have walked serene and brave,
Nor flattered by the way, nor turned aside,
We bless thee for thy work!

Oh, by the hearts
Thy words have strengthened—by the homes
Thy hands have blessed—by all the loving deeds
Which hang thy womanhood with precious pearls,
As brides are hung with jewels—by the sick
Whom thou hast healed—and oh, by every life
Whose bought pain on fresh blossoms for thy care,
We consecrate this hour!

As loving wives
Keep fresh the memory of their marriage morn,
Through twenty-five green Junes, so keep thou fresh
The memory of that June that wedded thee
To thy life's Purpose; while thy loved one come
With song and gift, and hold his festive feast,
As matrons hold on 'Silver Wedding' days!
Honor and peace unto the future years
Which God shall grant thy life!

May silver hairs
Lift their white blossoms softly on thy head,
Hearts shall rise up to bless; and may thy work,
Thy strong, brave, loving woman's work,
With graciousness adorn our Womanhood!

Letters from Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and Mrs. Lucretia Mott were also read. We give them here.

NEW YORK, June 12th, 126 Second Avenue.

MY DEAR DOCTOR HUNT:—
Though, to my great regret, I cannot be with you at the time of your approaching celebration, you may be very sure of my hearty sympathy and good wishes, in which my sister cordially joins.

Pray accept from us the enclosed sentiment, in which I am sure all your friends will unite.

Yours, very truly,
E. & E. BLACKWELL.

Medicine, in its relation to mind, as well as to body.—In the